In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall bee well winged with our chiefest horse ?
This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkest thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I one my tent this morning. *him a paper.*
Iockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our consciences, our swords our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell, *His oration*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd, *to his army.*
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A sort of yababonds, Rascols, and run-awayes,
A scum of Brittaines, and base lackey pesants,
Whome their ore cloyed countrey vomits forth
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe they bring you to vnrest :
You hauing lands, and blest with beautious wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milke-sop one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow :
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *France*,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselues.
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heire of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues ?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare there drum,

Right

Right Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers, draw you arowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,
What saies Lord Stanley will he bring his power ?
Mes. My Lord he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his sonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord the enemy is past the marsh,
After the battell let George Stanley die.
King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *George*
Inspire vs with the speene of fiery Dragons,
Vpon them, victory sits on our helpes.
Alarum excursions, Enter Catesby.
Cat. Rescew my Lord of *Norfolke*, rescew rescew,
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death,
Rescew, faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard*
King. A horse, a horse my Kingdome for a horse.
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horse.
King. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be fiue *Richmonds* in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day instead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse:
Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond. Darby bearing the Crowne with other Lords.
Rich. God and your arme be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee,
Loe heere this long vsurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloudy wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of heauen say Amen to all,